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A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.

For reasons which the management of The Herald considered sufficient we have not adhered strictly to our cash in advance rule during the past few months, and as a result a good many of our friends have allowed their subscriptions to get in arrears. We are frank to acknowledge that it was not wise to deviate from the strict cash in advance rule, but so many of our friends asked us to continue their paper that we extended the circle entirely too wide for our own good.

Now a newspaper cannot be run without money. The Herald has tried to keep up its usual standard. We are endeavoring to print just as good newspaper now, even though times are trying, as ever, and many of our friends have encouraged us very much by telling us we are succeeding. Our readers can now greatly help us by paying their subscription. If you are in arrears come up promptly and pay up. If your subscription expires January 1, let us have your renewal at once. If you do not wish the paper continued, please advise us, so we can save the expense of sending it longer.

We will wait a reasonable time for all our subscribers in arrears to pay up, and then all who have not paid will be dropped from the list. This will be a very unpleasant duty, and we sincerely trust it will not be necessary to drop any one. Step forward promptly, please.

It has come to the attention of the editors of The Herald that some persons have imposed on this newspaper by writing letters to Santa Claus and signing other people's names to them. These persons, doubtless, are entirely well meaning, but we consider it a distorted idea of a joke, and we sincerely trust such will never occur again in this or any other newspaper. Santa Claus is a sacred institution and should not be trifled with. There is no fun attached to having one's name attached to a letter to Santa Claus, written as if the alleged signer is a little child, and asking for all sorts of silly things. More than that, it may not be known to people who make a practice of doing such things, that it is a violation of the laws of the state and of the postal rules and regulations. If the injured person should be sufficiently offended to report such a violation it might cause the perpetrator some little inconvenience and perhaps trouble.

Taxes Are Brought in

New York, Dec. 23.—A drive started six weeks ago against delinquent federal taxpayers in the Second New York district has yielded nearly \$1,500,000. Frank K. Bowers, collector of internal revenue, announced tonight. The collector has issued about 80,000 warrants for distraint, which are being distributed to more than 100 field deputies, he said, at the rate of 1,000 a week. Uncollected taxes and penalties amounted to \$300,000,000 when Collector Bowers began his crusade.

Big Textile Mill.

Spartanburg, Dec. 23.—D. D. Little, president of the Clinchfield Manufacturing Company of Marion, N. C. but a resident of Spartanburg, announced today from his office here, his intentions to establish somewhere near Spartanburg the Southern plant of the Appleton Company of Lowell, Mass., and in a later statement said there would very probably be other large interests to join with the Appleton people in extensive investments in textile plants in this immediate section.

Love and Green Peas.

Leguminous plants and divorce appear to have little in common, but according to The Daily Chronicle, London, Eng., the Pathological congress recently held in Paris, discovered the analogy when considering divorce cases resulting from war time marriages.

Haircut beans were started to confer advantage upon brain and brawn; spinach would prevent dawdling in the household, but green peas were condemned as developing frivolity, making women capricious and reckless. Men and women, it was asserted, flirted under their influence, and the pathologists attributed a majority of the divorce cases to the consumption of peas.

The first law pensioning Civil War veterans for disability was enacted July 14, 1862.

ROTARIANS HEAR ABOUT WILLISTON ASPARAGUS

Augusta Chronicle.
Mr. W. E. Prothro and Mr. A. M. Kennedy were the guests of Mr. L. J. Henry at the Rotary club yesterday. Mr. Prothro, it will be recalled, is an extensive grower of asparagus at Williston, S. C., to whom reference has been made in the Chronicle during the past few days. Mr. Kennedy is president of the Bank of Williston, and also largely interested in farming.

During the luncheon Mr. Prothro invited to do so, made a brief talk about the diversified farming interests around Williston. He referred specifically to asparagus and to the endeavors which have brought about its successful growing and marketing. He declared the South Carolina asparagus product to be superior, saying that as there is no peach like the Georgia peach, there is no asparagus like the South Carolina asparagus.

Mr. Prothro let it be known that Williston asparagus growers have arranged to put their product on the Augusta market. Their canning equipment to care for their surplus crop is approximately perfect. Declaring that Augusta's interests and Williston's interests are identical—that is, that the interests of the one are wrapped up in the interests of the other—he bespoke for Williston asparagus partial treatment at the hands of Augusta consumers. He only asked that the Williston product be given a thorough trial. He absolutely knew of its superiority. He knows, that, if it is given its chance, it will win its way. He knows it is better than any other asparagus, wherever the other asparagus is grown or canned. All he asked is that one can of the Williston product be tried out, leaving it to its merit and worth as to whether or not successor cans be purchased. In other words, he is positive that, if it is once purchased and served, it will be purchased and served for all future time. "Buy the first can of Williston asparagus because it is Williston's—because it is grown by your neighbors and friends; buy succeeding cans of Williston asparagus solely and only because you have found Williston asparagus, in flavor, and in every other way, to be the best asparagus you have ever put on your table."

Mr. Henry emphasized the talk of Mr. Prothro. Williston is our neighbor. There is no day in which there are not two to five Augusta commercial travelers in Williston, seeking business. In Augusta we have, day in and day out, urged diversification on the farms. The people of Williston have gone in for diversification. This asparagus industry has been one of their successes. Their output of asparagus is the very best. All they ask as to it is a fair trial. They are confident it will prove its way. The people of Williston are only asking reciprocity and co-operation. Mr. Henry urged that Augustans, especially Augusta housewives, give heed to Mr. Prothro's statements, and that attention, every test and every opportunity.

Williston asparagus was served as part of the menu at the Rotary luncheon yesterday, a number of cans having been forwarded for that purpose, with the compliments of the Williston growers. Men who know declared it to be of the very finest flavor, speaking in the highest terms of the vegetable and its merit.—The Augusta Chronicle.

Just Like That.

Mr. George Robey, the English actor and raconteur, tells the story of a gilded youth of effeminate tendencies who by some fluke of luck found himself stony broke. Deciding that his best bet was America, he tried for a job on one of the boats crossing the Atlantic. After being turned down by ship after ship he almost despaired of ever getting out of England. Finally his luck changed. He struck a boat on the point of sailing and found that a stoker had failed to show up. Joyfully, he signed on, went aboard, and was directed below by the captain. Then he disappeared. Nothing was seen or heard of him for three days. But on the fourth day the skipper suddenly came upon a resplendent figure in full yachting kit, glasses slung over his shoulder, promenading. "What the hell are you doing here?" he demanded. "I thought I told you to go below." The regilded youth gazed at the irate, tapped him lightly on the shoulder, and pleasantly inquired, "Oh, haven't you heard? I've left."—The Arsonaut (San Francisco).

Mascot Mule Dies.

Philadelphia, Dec. 24.—"Black Diamond," the mascot mule used by the West Point cadets in the recent army-Navy football game at Franklin field, was suffocated today by smoke from a fire that destroyed a building the stable in which he was quartered. Several trained horses and dogs belonging to a New York show troupe also were killed.

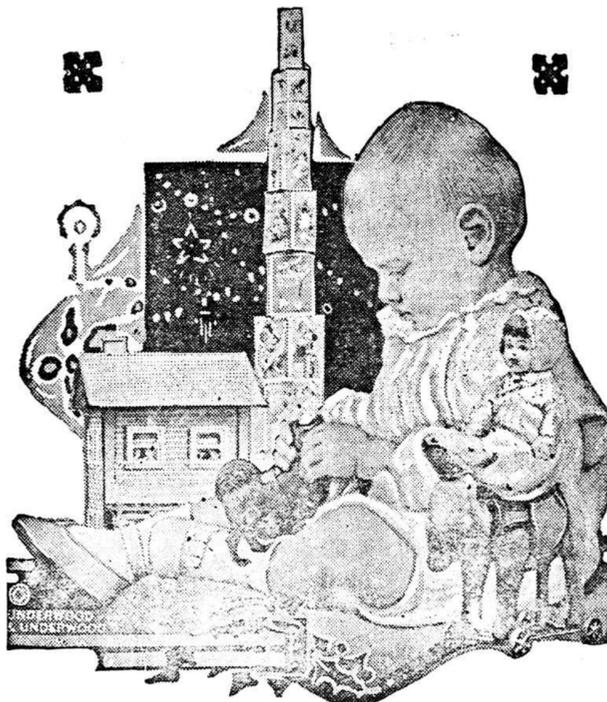
Making Things for Christmas



Watching for Santa Claus



I'd Like to See Old Santa



'Bout Christmas

THE kindling's all cut, and the basement swept,
And everything is where it should be kept.
In lesson's he's most perfected,
Does other things least expected:
That's my Son,
On the run
For his dad,
'Bout Christmas!

I have never to look for coat or hat,
Neither to wonder where's this or that;
My ties hang neatly on the rack,
And my soiled linen's in the sack.
That's my Girl,
She's a pearl
For her dad,
'Bout Christmas!

My slippers I find beside my chair,
Kind attentions for me there—
At times I feel "Almost a King,"
So petted o'er, and everything:
That's my Wife,
Bet your life,
"Dear Old Dad!"
'Bout Christmas!
Woodward Pemberton.

A TUNE

for a
PENNY

by Martha B. Thomas

IS IT any wonder that the man with the tin whistle felt a trifle discouraged? Is it any wonder when the pavements were so cold, the wind so keen and his coat so thin? It seemed, on that shivery Christmas Eve, as if everything was trying to make life as dreary as possible, instead of as merry. It would not even snow. A fine, sharp drizzle swept in under the bridge where the man with the tin whistle stood, and managed to get inside the tops of his boots and his collar and up his coat sleeves; it was very disappointing indeed.

Holiday season was usually a jolly one for pennies. Either people had a great deal more at that time, or they were bent on getting rid of those they had. The man with the tin whistle kept a little cup that possessed a most remarkable appetite for coppers! It could hold as many pennies at one gulp as a boy eating raisins out of a plum pudding; and that's saying a great deal! But today the little cup was almost empty. Nobody had time to stop and dig around in pockets for loose coins; it was too cold, and their gloves bothered and they wanted to get home, where their children were waiting to clap their hands over the packages from the stores. The man with the tin whistle wanted to get home, too. He did not have any children waiting for him, and they would have had no bundles to squeal over if he did, but there was a funny, raggedy dog that always expected something, and danced around in a dizzy, delightful way that was very cheerful. But how could the man with the tin whistle go home when his tunes brought him nothing but numb fingers and a feeling in his feet as if they had turned to wood?

However, he screwed up his mouth, took a long breath, pretended that pennies were making his little cup ring like sleigh bells and played the gayest little tune you ever heard! It laughed its way up the windy stairs into the



station; it chuckled along the cold stones on the gray wall; it capered about the pavement like an elf doing a polka and was altogether the merriest piece of business in that particular spot that had happened for years. The man with the tin whistle was thinking about Ravelings, his dog at home, and I'm convinced it put something into his tune that was irresistible. For let me tell you! In two minutes who should come running down the steps in front of him but a young lady with the pinkest cheeks and the laughingest eyes he had ever seen. She was smiling at him as though she had known him all her life.

"I love that tune!" she said. "It always make me want to skip my feet. You can't think how nice it is to hear it this miserable night. Thank you!" And the little cup had the surprising mouthful of a quarter.

"There's supper for me and Ravelings," thought the man with the tin whistle, as he tipped his hat.

And before he could decide whether it would be hot dogs or soup, somebody else was smiling at him. This time it was a quiet man with gray hair.

"I always look for you when I come down the stairs," said the man, "and I like to hear those rollicking little tunes you play. It cheers a man up after a long day's work. Merry Christmas!" And, if you'll believe me, the quiet man with the gray hair tossed in half a dollar! The little tin cup rattled importantly and gave every indication of being ready for anything after this.

On went the frolicking melody. On came the pennies. The man with the

tin whistle almost forgot how cold his feet were and that the rain had succeeded in making his stockings very wet and wretched. It really must have been the tune, for everybody had a coin and a bit of greeting. So he played and played and played. He thought his luck would change if he changed the tune, and he very nearly blew the breath out of him, keeping the notes dancing about in that dismal place. Ravelings and he were going to have the finest supper in all Christendom, if whistling could do it.

Some people threw in pennies, and some threw in dimes, and an occasional one dropped a quarter; but the best surprise of all came at the last (which is the way it should be, especially on Christmas Eve).

The man with the tin whistle was just about to take it away from his mouth and start home when a little, old lady, with white hair, stopped in front of him. Her eyes twinkled like frosty stars and there was something about her that made one think of a chickadee. Perhaps it was her bright, quick eyes, or maybe the way she put her head on one side and looked so exceedingly wise and happy. The man with the tin whistle thought she was the nicest old lady he had ever seen. And this was before she had said a word.

"Somebody," chirped the old lady (her voice was like a chickadee's, too, only it did not say what a chickadee does), "Somebody who went through here last year about this time has sent you a present. That somebody was very discouraged over a lot of things. And the day was discouraging, too, just like this. But you were playing away here for all you were worth, just as if the sun were shining and your feet were warm as toast. The tune was the same one you are tootling now. And that somebody decided that if you could stand and whistle a jolly air in all the cold and wet and drizzle, that it was time to make himself brace up and do something. And he did." The old lady twinkled harder than ever. The man with the tin whistle wondered what in the world she was going to say next. But she did not say anything for a minute. She whipped out a pocketbook, snapped open the top, took out a small, folded piece of paper and handed it to the man with the tin whistle. Then she snapped her pocketbook together, put it in her bag, perked her head on one side and chirped, "Merry Christmas! The man was my son." And she was gone before you could say Jack Robinson!

Ravelings and his master had a supper worth talking about that night, I



can tell you! For what do you suppose that folded bit of paper was? A new, rattling ten-dollar bill! Yes, sir! And Ravelings will remember that particular Christmas Eve as long as he can wag his tail or gnaw a bone. And the man with the tin whistle declared he would never get discouraged again, no matter how dreadful the weather was. Ravelings approved of this determination and ate another chop at once.

And the man with the tin whistle still plays tunes all the way from a penny up to ten dollars!

Hermit Cookies.

One and one-half cupfuls sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cupful of butter or shortening, 3 cupfuls flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful allspice, 1 teaspoonful cloves, 1 teaspoonful nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoonful soda, 1 1/2 cupfuls raisins.

Add sugar and eggs to melted butter. Beat well. Sift flour, baking powder, salt, spices and soda together. Add to butter mixture and mix well. Add plumped raisins. Drop by teaspoon on greased pan and bake in moderate oven until brown, about 20 to 25 minutes. This makes about 86 cookies.

HIS FIRST CHRISTMAS

